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WEEP NOT AROUND ME!

THE

Poetry

Thomas H. Bayly.

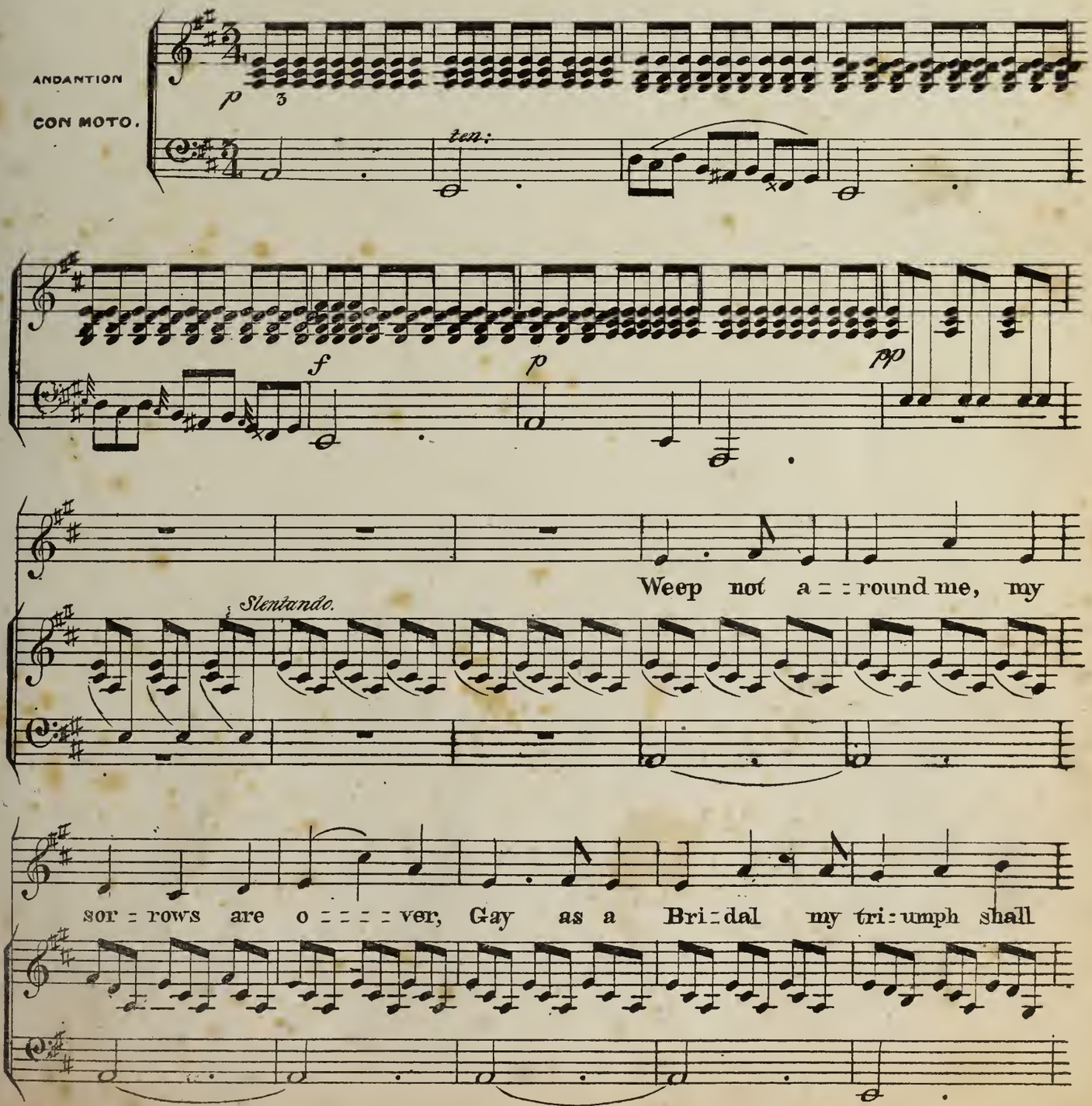
Symphonies and Accompaniments

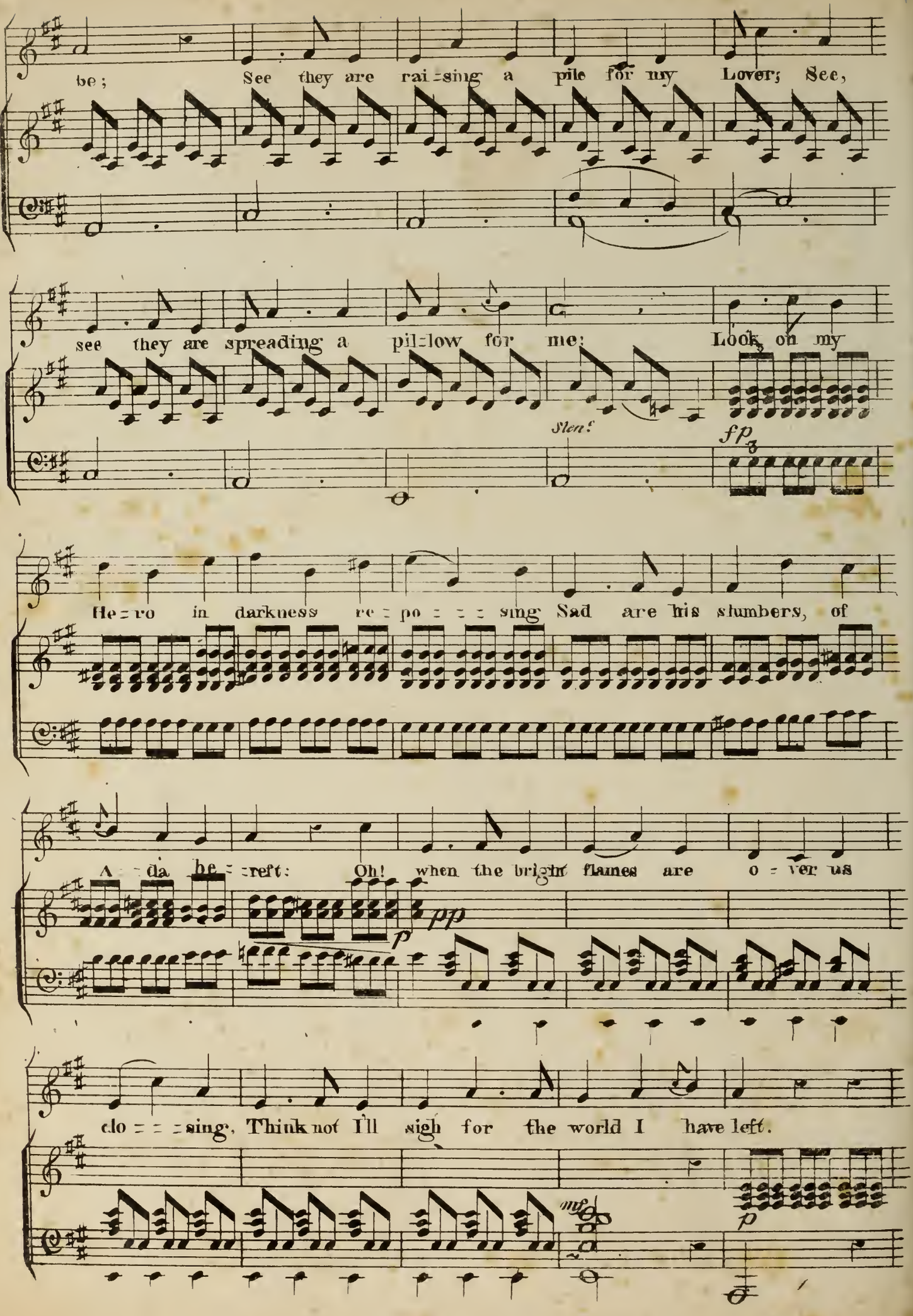
by

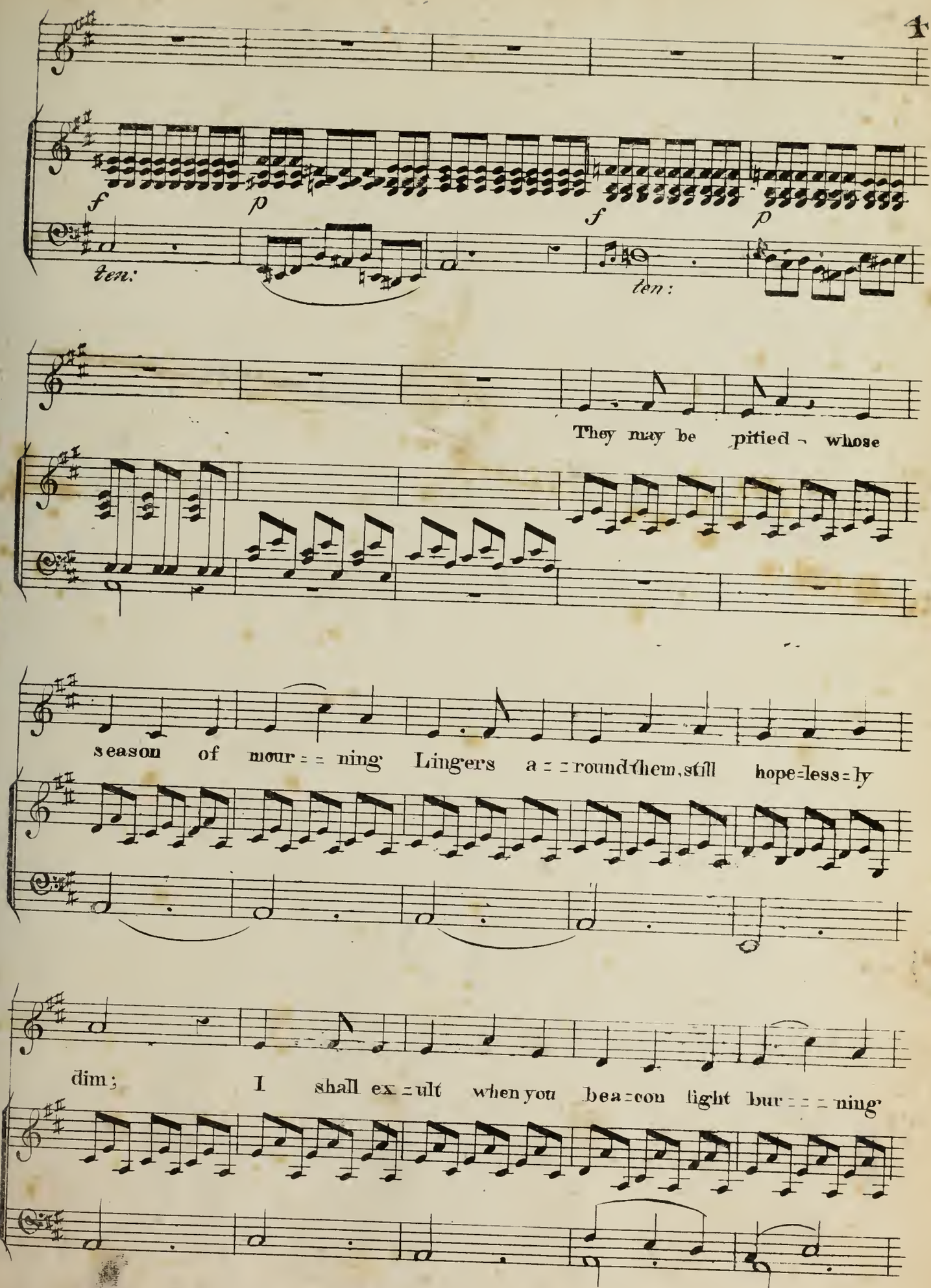
HENRY R. BISHOP.

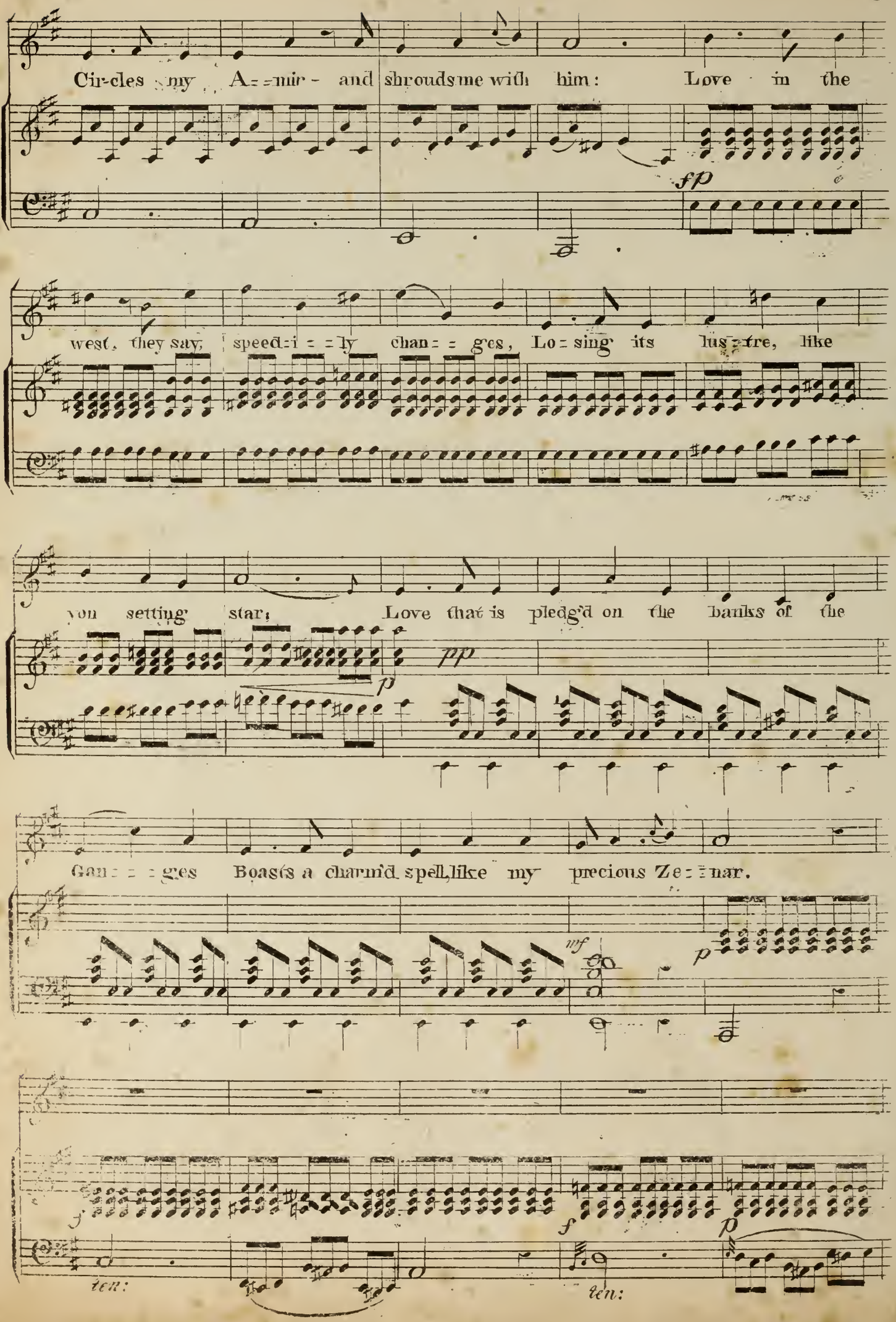
N.York Lithog. and Published by E.S.Mesier, 28, Wall-st.

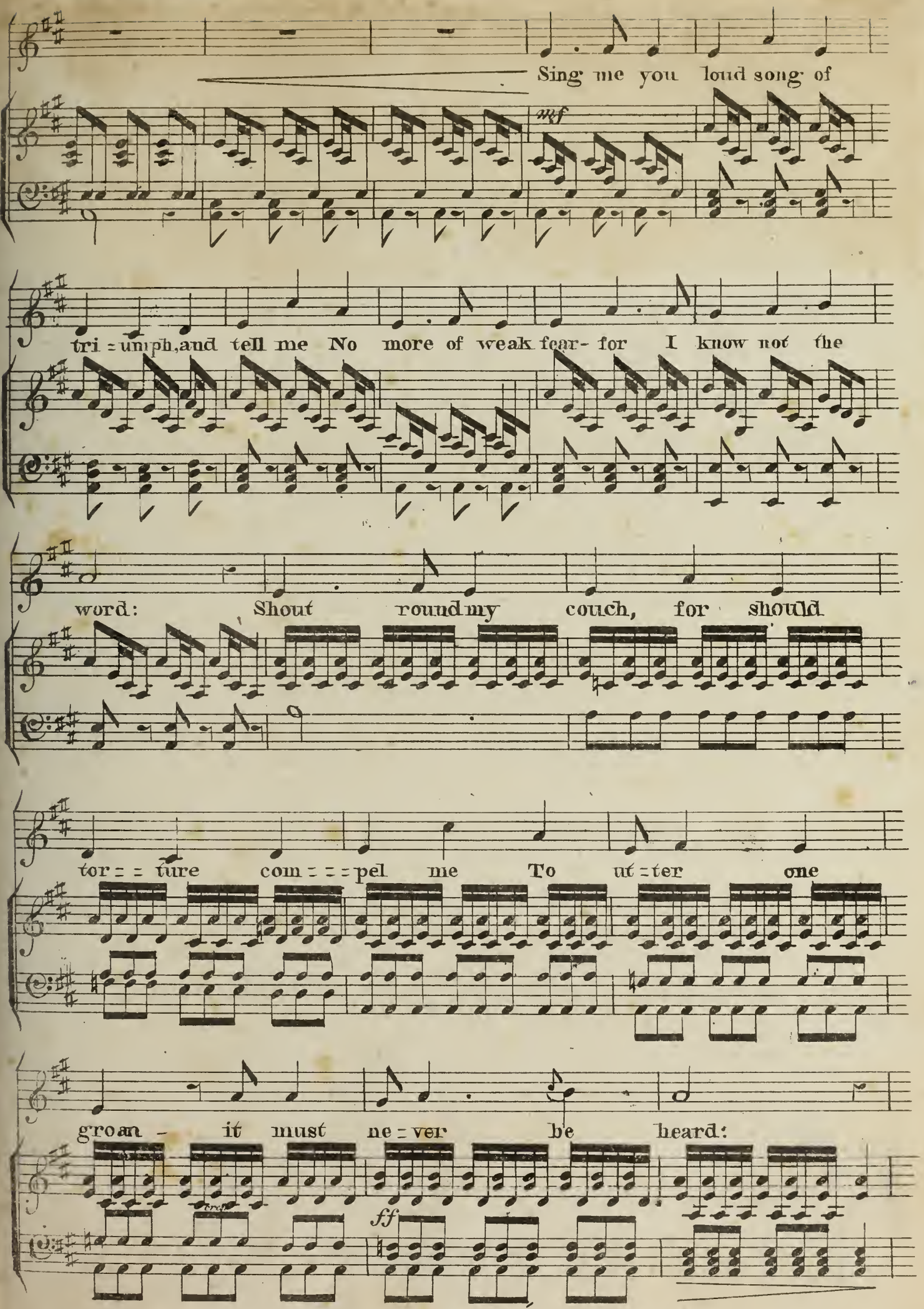
German.

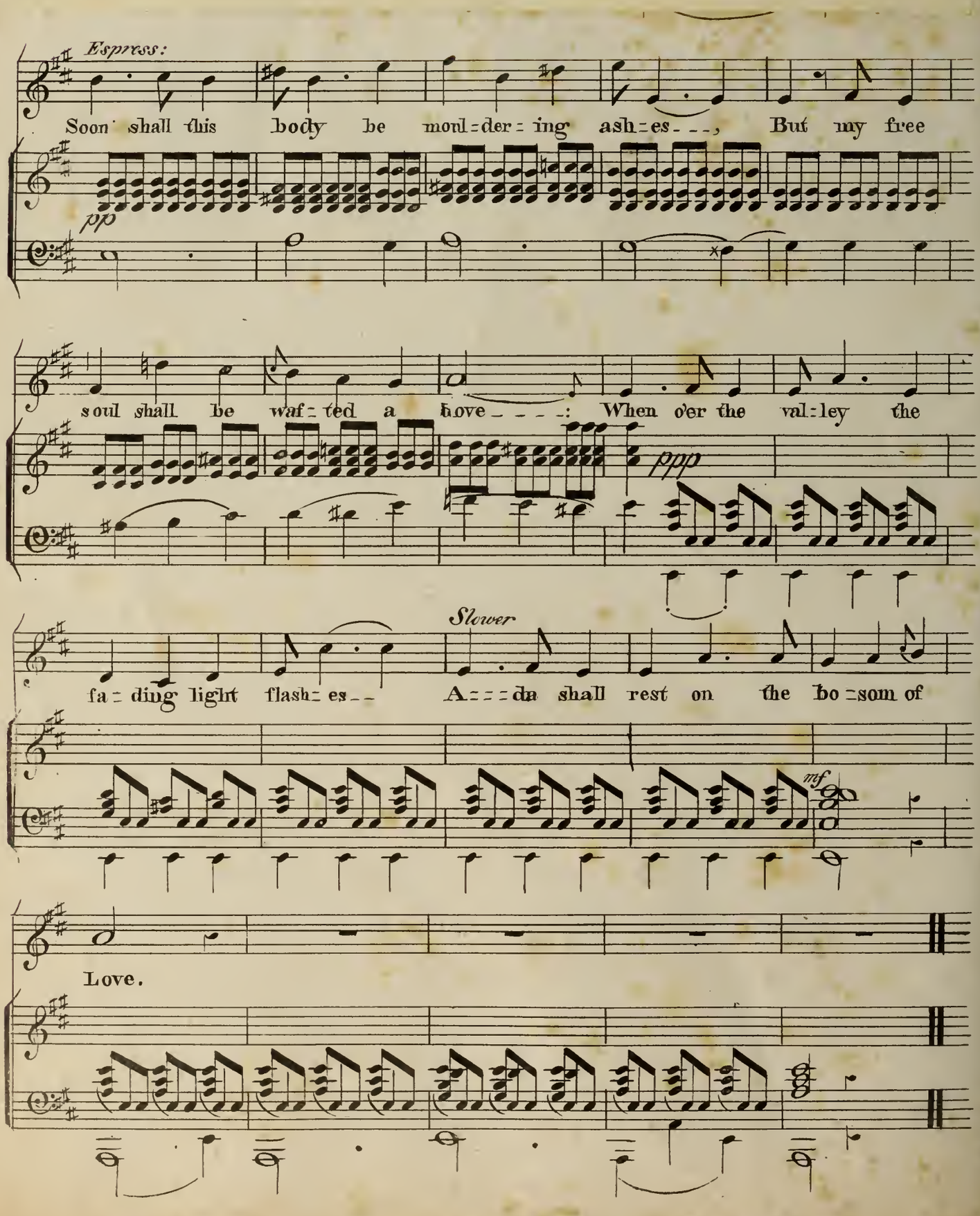



be; See they are rai=sing a pile for my Lover; See,
see they are spreading a pil=low for me: Look on my
Slen:
fp
He=ro in darkness re=po=sing Sad are his slumbers, of
A=da be=reft: Oh! when the bright flames are o=ver us
pp
p
clo=sing, Think not I'll sigh for the world I have left.
mf
p


f
p
f
p
ten.
ten:
They may be pitied - whose
season of mour = = ning Lingers a = = round them, still hope = less = ly
dim; I shall ex = ult when you bea = con light bur = = = ning


Cir-cles my A-=-mir- and shrouds me with him: Love in the
fp
west, they say, speed-i-=-ly chan-=-ges, Lo-sing its lus-tre, like
von setting star; Love that is pledg'd on the banks of the
pp
p
Gan-=-=-ges Boasts a charm'd spell, like my precious Ze-=-nar.
mf
p
f
f
p
ten:
ten:


Sing me you loud song of
anf
tri = umph, and tell me No more of weak fear- for I know not the
word: Shout round my couch, for should
tor = = ture com = = = pel me To ut = ter one
groan - it must ne = ver be heard:
ff


Espress:
Soon shall this body be moul=der=ing ash=es_ _ _, But my free
pp
soul shall be waf=ted a bove_ _ _ _: When o'er the val=ley the
ppp
Slower
fa=ding light flash=es_ _ A= = =da shall rest on the bo=som of
mf
Love.